HARVEST.

The August sun shone warm and bright,
When the farmer said, to my delight,
"We have to cut down on time somehow,
So let the boy drive the tractor now."

The shocks of wheat stood in the field,
A glorious rich and golden yield.
To prevent mass starvation during the war,
The harvest was more vital than ever before.

The young men were fighting far away,
Women and the elderly worked that day,
To gather the sheaves, with their precious grain,
Before Winter began, with the wind and the rain.

To save precious time was the farmer's main worry,
With a limited work force he just couldn't hurry,
But with a boy on the tractor time would be saved,
Not knowing it was the very thing that I craved.

To sit on that powerful machine was a dream,
To drive it would be Heaven, to me it would seem,
Father showed me how to push down the clutch,
And slip it in gear, with a so gentle touch.

I released the clutch gently, to prevent engine stall,
And ensure, on the wagon, men didn't fall,
I drove between shocks, in the lane wide and clear,
The men on the wagon shouting which way to steer.

For me, driving the tractor was magic that day,
Even though, for my labours, I'd get no pay.
I felt driving a tractor, beneath blue skies, was grand,
And decided, as a man, I would work on the land.